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THE MUSIC OF LOEFFLER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is probably not realized by most music-lovers that, of the four or five living composers whose productions are indisputably important, one is a resident of the United States—a circumstance, it will perhaps be conceded, of more consequence to the future of musical art in this country than the fact that the composer who is meant was born, not in America, but in Alsace.

The ordinary composer, the composer as a type, is avid of publicity. It is the breath of his nostrils: without it, advancement, prosperity, success, are to him well-nigh inconceivable. He would dismiss as meaningless and absurd the lines of the poets of “Vagabondia”:

“Success is in the silences,
Though fame be in the song.”

Charles Martin Loeffler is a composer who is egregiously false to type. His indifference to publicity, to the promotion of his reputation, is extravagant. Whether his music be known or unknown, liked or disliked, praised or disparaged, is, to him, apparently a matter of very little moment. He has been slow to complete, reluctant to publish. The earliest of the pieces which he has seen fit to retain in the list of his works date back almost a quarter of a century; yet there are to-day less than half a hundred compositions which he cares to acknowledge; he has discarded almost as much as he has retained. And, as I have said, he has been loath to yield his manuscripts to the engraver. Of the forty-odd separate compositions which to-day represent his avowed production only one-half have as yet been published.

Thus it is almost in despite of himself that Loeffler has achieved the celebrity that is his. It is celebrity of an enviable kind, for he is known chiefly among those who

relish the finest and rarest that is done or attempted in the musical art of our time. In other words, he is most truly valued by epicures and connoisseurs; and that, assuredly, is a desirable and fortunate relation to bear to one's contemporary public.

Loeffler, though he was born at Mühlhausen, Alsace, in 1861, has lived and labored in America for thirty years as composer and violinist. His training as a music-maker was cosmopolitan; he studied his art in Berlin and in Paris, but his temperamental and intellectual sympathies have drawn him persistently toward France. Indeed, he might at one period of his career have been taken by the casual observer for a Frenchman *pur sang*. Almost all of the music which he composed between the years 1895 and 1901 was suggested by French texts; and in his "Quatre Mélodies," one of the works of that period, even the dedications are in French. His prepossessions are to-day less inalienably Gallic; but he still remains essentially a cosmopolite, though I believe he has been for some time a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Not long after he came to America, as a youth just entering his twenties, he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as one of the violins, and he served for many years as second concert-master in that illustrious organization. He retired from the orchestra in 1903; and now, on his farm near Medfield, Massachusetts, devotes himself for the most part to composition.

His works include orchestral and choral pieces, chamber music and songs. Though his knowledge of the resources of the piano is comprehensive, and though he writes for it with extraordinary skill in conjunction with the voice and with other instruments, he has contributed nothing to its solo répertoire; nor has he as yet put forth anything in the field of dramatic music. For orchestra he has composed four tone-poems: "La Mort de Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck), "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), "La Villanelle du Diable" (after Maurice Rollinat), and "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil). His chamber music includes a quintet in one movement for three violins, viola and 'cello; an octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, two clarinets and harp; two rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano; and a sextet in one movement for two violins, two violas, two 'cellos, entitled "Le Passeur d'Eau." His songs com-

prise "Quatre Poèmes," for voice, viola and piano: "La Cloche Fêlée" (Baudelaire), "Dansons la Gigue!" "Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois," "Sérénade" (Verlaine); "Quatre Mélodies": "Timbres Oubliés," "Adieu pour Jamais," "Les Soirs d'Automne," "Les Paons" (all to words by Gustave Kahn); "Four Poems": "Sudden Light" (Rossetti), "Sonnet" (George Cabot Lodge), "A Dream within a Dream," "To Helen" (Poe); "The Wind among the Reeds": "The Hosting of the Sidhe," "The Host of the Air" (both to words by W. B. Yeats); "Le Flambeau Vivant" (Baudelaire); "Vereinsamt" (Nietzsche); "Der Kehraus" (Eichendorf); "Ton Souvenir est comme un livre bien aimé" (Albert Samain); and settings, as yet untitled, of two poems from Vol. I of Gustave Kahn's "Poésies." "By the Rivers of Babylon" is a setting of portions of the 126th and 137th Psalms for women's chorus, organ, harp, two flutes and 'cello; "L'Archet," text by Cros, is a ballad for mezzo-soprano, female chorus, piano and viola; there is an eight-part chorus for mixed voices *a cappella*, "For One Who Fell in Battle," to words by T. W. Parsons; and there is a setting of "The Sermon on the Mount" for chorus, organ and strings. In addition to these, there are a number of works of early date which do not now satisfy the composer and which he does not intend to publish. Among these are a string quartet in A minor, a "Divertimento" in the same key for violin and orchestra, a "Fantastic Concerto" for 'cello and orchestra, a suite, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine" (after Gogol), for orchestra and violin, a "Divertissement Espagnol" for orchestra and saxophone, a "Ballade Carnavalesque" for piano, flute, oboe, saxophone and bassoon, a setting for voice and piano of Baudelaire's "Harmonie du Soir," and a string sextet in three movements, the middle one of which, revised, is the "Passeur d'Eau" referred to above.*

* Although virtually all of these works have been performed, only one-half of them, as I have already observed, have been committed by their meticulous author to the printed page. In 1903 the "Quatre Mélodies" were published as opus 10. The "Quatre Poèmes" (opus 5) followed in 1904. To the following year belong the rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano (without opus number), "La Mort de Tintagiles" (opus 6), and "La Villanelle du Diable" (opus 9). The "Four Poems" (opus 15) were issued in 1906, "By the Rivers of Babylon" (opus 3) in 1907, "The Wind among the Reeds" (without opus number) in 1908, and "A Pagan Poem" (opus 14) in 1909. That, up to the present time, is the whole of his published output.

Loeffler's artistic *terrain* is not easily defined with exactitude. The literary inclinations of a modern composer are usually a trustworthy guide to his temperament, to the color of his thought, to his *principia*. But Loeffler's tastes range over a somewhat perplexingly wide and diversified territory. He has been moved to musical utterance by Poe and by Virgil, by Maeterlinck and by Nietzsche; he apprehends Baudelaire, Rollinat, Rossetti, Verlaine; he is an inquisitive delver in the literature and philosophy of alien peoples and forgotten civilizations; his intellectual curiosity is insatiable. Yet, on the whole, he has been most strongly disposed toward the literary *révoltés*, the mystics and visionaries, of our own time; he has manifested a natural kinship of thought and feeling with Verlaine, with Baudelaire, with Rollinat, with Gustave Kahn, with Maeterlinck, with Poe. He is far from being a mere recrudescence Romanticist. He has a love for the *macabre*, the fantastically sinister and tragical; but he indulges it in a manner wholly free from the excess and the attitudinizing that are an unmistakable index of the survival of the Romanticistic impulse. His sincerity and his instinct for proportion are constant and unflinching. He can set to music the poignant and terrible "Cloche Fêlée" of Baudelaire, and the music is a perfect reflex of the poem; yet it is impossible not to feel that it was written by one whose soul is very different from the soul of Baudelaire as exposed to us by Mr. James Huneker: a soul "patiently built up as a fabulous bird might build its nest—cascades of black stars, rags, leaves, rotten wood, corroding dreams, a spray of roses, arabesques of incense and verdigris. . . ." Even when Loeffler is most eloquently sinister, most disquietingly baleful, a rare tact, an unerring sense of measure and balance, a prophylactic humor, save him from extravagance and turgidity. His music permits us to ascribe to him a soul which could approximate the soul of Baudelaire at only a few points. He is capable of making us dream of black stars, and at times there is gall and wormwood in his music; but there is no decay and no squalor in it. With all his passion for the bizarre and the umbrageous and the grotesque, we are never in doubt as to the essential dignity, the essential purity and nobility of his spirit: he is one of the *âmes bien nées*.

Au fond he is a mystic, a dreamer, a visionary. A mystic: for Loeffler has the mystic's bias toward that which tran-

scends the immediate and the tangible phases of experience, his serene conviction of the reality of the extra-sensational. His imagination ranges most freely and familiarly in that psychic borderland where the emotions become indescribably rarefied and subtly heightened—where they become more the echo and reverberation of emotions than emotions themselves, yet gain rather than lose in intensity by the process of alembication. He is of the order of mystics whose thought, while it has the penetrative power of all mystical thought, is saturated with a quality of feeling that springs from an exquisite and supersensitive intuition of the human heart, rather than from sustained spiritual aspiration. That is to say, he is akin to Rossetti and Yeats and Maeterlinck rather than to Crashaw and Blake and Wordsworth.

Necessarily, therefore, he is both a visionary and a dreamer—a visionary whose thought is predominantly sombre and tragical; a dreamer oppressed by

“ . . . the burden of the mystery . . .
Of all this unintelligible world.”

His most characteristic music is that to which he has been moved by the imaginings of Verlaine, Rollinat, Poe, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire, in their autumnal moods, their disconsolate hours. He has seemed to be most congenially employed, as he has been most persistently engaged, in giving musical voice to thoughts of which he is reminded by the darker brooding of these masters of sorrowful speech. He is shaken by the unutterable sadness of human life, by the thought of “the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world”: the *lacrymæ rerum* obsess his imagination, and he speaks his dolor again and again, in accents that are by turns mournful, anguished, despairing and resigned. His music is touched at its core with an ineffable melancholy. It is most typical when it issues from his imagination in slow

“ . . . swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears. . . .”

He is at ease, not in Zion, but in the company of those who, grief-haunted and disillusioned, face the human pageant with the despair that cloaks itself in irony and bitterness. He is giving the truest account of his temperament when

he is translating into music some of the more grievous and sinister imaginings of Rollinat, or some poem by Verlaine or Baudelaire filled with brooding menace and immitigable grief; or in his symphonic poem suggested by that most piteous and terrible of Maeterlinck's plays, "La Mort de Tintagiles"; or, as in one of his latest songs, when he is setting wild and *macabre* verses by Eichendorf. It is true that he has responded to other emotional states. He has derived an orchestral song of rapturous lyric sweetness from the aubade which Verlaine addressed to his betrothed. The music that he wrote for Poe's "To Helen" is of a loveliness that might well fit it to serve as an apostrophe in illustration of the matchless lines of Wordsworth:

". . . and beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

His magnificent "Pagan Poem," provoked by the amorous incantation of the sorceress in Virgil's eighth eclogue, is largely and nobly rhapsodic. His *a cappella* chorus, "For One Who Fell in Battle," exhales a spirit of grief that is all transfiguring and uplifted tenderness rather than piercing and inconsolable regret. Latterly he dwelt for a time in Ildathach, the Many-colored Land of the Celtic imagination, bringing forth some music—haunting, fantastic, of insinuating charm—derived from poems by the Irishman Yeats. He has, too, repeatedly given evidence of the fact that the ritual of the Church has exerted a powerful effect upon his imagination. But he returns ever and again to the contemplation of those darker moods of the soul which seem chiefly to stimulate his inspiration, and which compel his distinguishing performances as a music-maker. It is beyond dispute that the general aspect of his art is not eupeptic. He makes us feel as if he had consecrated himself to what Goethe called "the worship of sorrow"; or we seem to hear him repeating the plaint of Sir Thomas Browne that "the whole creation is a mystery . . . a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics"; or we think of Leopardi and his insistence upon the *indegno mistero delle cose*; and at times we hear the very voice of Senancour: "Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable!" He sounds this note again and again. It

recurs insistently, a sombre undertone in his music, like the *Dies Iræ* whose characteristic progressions he introduces so often into the thematic structure of his pieces.

"Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears," said Blake; and since every personal revelation of life through art, so long as it be authentic and communicative, is infinitely precious, there can be no question of the value of such disclosures of temperament and experience as we get from Loeffler at his most typical. Certainly nothing could exceed the sincerity and the affecting eloquence of his art in whatever aspect he chooses to exhibit it; and he is never more sincere or more eloquent than when he gives sorrowful and responsive heed to

"Earth's old and weary cry."

Of the beauty and the importance of his music, *quâ* music, there is now, probably, no denial worth considering. After a quarter-century of curiously deliberate activity, of quiet devotion to what would have seemed to many an impossible ideal of perfection, he is at last coming into his own. He is recognized, among those whose sense of the best is surest, as one of that small group of living composers, to whom I referred at the start, whose deliverances are of prime artistic consequence. He shares with Strauss, with Debussy, with d'Indy, the distinction of pre-eminence over the lesser and varyingly admirable body of contemporary music-makers.

His artistic growth has been marked by eclecticism. His cosmopolitan training, his long years of orchestral service as an executant of other men's ideas, and an inexhaustible curiosity in all æsthetic and intellectual matters, have had their natural influence upon his music. He has absorbed a dozen musical temperaments, has known and betrayed their influence, has exhausted their power of stimulus, and has forgotten them; his own individuality has survived. It is possible to discern in his earlier work the impression made upon his sensitive psychic retina by Bach, by Wagner, by Berlioz, by Liszt, by Brahms; but he has finally wrought a style that is unmistakable and his own. There are pregnant moments, remarkable and original beauties, in his earlier work; but his speech has been wholly personal only in the music which he has produced within the last fifteen years. His "*Quatre Poèmes*," which were

composed a decade and a half ago,—though they were not published until 1904,—expose clearly his typical traits. His harmonic and melodic style, the full flavor of his personality, may here be savored for the first time. He has written nothing more completely characteristic than the second and third pages of “*La Cloche Fêlée*,” the third and eighth pages of the “*Sérénade*” (the setting of the line, “*Et ta douceur à me martyriser*” is incomparable), the opening page of “*Le son du cor*,” and the setting of

“*Je me souviens, je me souviens,
Des heures et des entretiens,
Et c’est le meilleur de mes biens.*”

It will be perceived by any receptive observer who examines or hears these songs that this is music quite solitary and apart, music which says new things in a peculiarly distinguished way.

His harmony is irrubrical, and it is highly individualized. It does not manifest Strauss’s incorrigible audacity of procedure, his Olympian disdain of euphony, and it is free from the wanton and futile cacophony which mars some of that great master’s most impressive conceptions. It is less fluid and prismatic than Debussy’s, a good deal less acrid than d’Indy’s. He uses freely effects derived from the ecclesiastical modes, though their influence upon him has not been so profound and continuous as it has been upon Debussy. His harmonic method is clearly the product of an exceptional feeling for rich and subtle combinations of tone, balanced by an instinctive reticence, a sense of form and balance, for which “*classic*” is the just word. And the note of his style as a harmonist is unmistakable. Such passages as his setting of “*Et ta douceur à me martyriser*,” in the “*Sérénade*” (to which I have already referred), the last page of “*Les Paons*,” the final measures of “*To Helen*,” the first six measures, and the last page, of the “*Sonnet*,” and those portions of “*La Mort de Tintagiles*” in which the viola d’amore participates, could have come from no other hand but Loeffler’s.

I have instanced these passages chiefly because of the striking and individual quality of the harmonic idea underlying them. But, notable harmonist though he is, as a melodist Loeffler is still more remarkable. I am aware of no living melodist who combines, in equal measure, these quali-

ties: on the negative side, a spontaneous avoidance of sentimentalism, triviality, and commonplace; on the positive side, originality of conception, an incorruptible fineness of taste, and the mastery of a style at once broad and subtle, passionate and restrained. They are not possessed in like degree by any one of his contemporaries. Strauss's frequent commonness, d'Indy's limited emotional compass, Fauré's slightness of substance, Reger's aridity, rank them, as melodists, definitely below Loeffler, while Saint-Saëns and Goldmark, Mahler and Sibelius, Elgar and Rachmaninoff, are his inferiors at almost every point. As for Debussy, he is indeed an exquisite melodist, a creator of melodic thoughts that are incomparably lovely and of an unexampled rarity, thoughts that are as

“dreams of the wavering images of dreams.”

But Debussy has not Loeffler's blend of subtlety and power, of largeness and intensity. He has written nothing so broad and fervent, so passionate and full-throated, as the superb theme in A flat which is heard from the violins in the *poco piu mosso* section near the beginning of the “Pagan Poem”; or the equally superb melody in A minor, sung by the 'cellos and violas against *arpeggios* for the piano, which follows the first distant call of the trumpets behind the scene. In fact, the whole of this extraordinary score is pressed down and overflowing with melodic ideas of enthralling eloquence and beauty—melodically considered, it is a masterwork of the first order. Examine also (to adduce at random) his song “Les Paons.” I know of few more ravishing examples of pure lyric inspiration than the setting which he has given to the words,

“Nuit claire aux ramures d'accords,
Et la lassitude a bercé son corps
Au rythme odorant des pures musiques.”

Consider, again, the song “To Helen,” which is a continuous fabric of lovely melody (how inevitable and how splendid is the expression which the composer has found for “the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome”!). These are typical, not isolated, instances of his melodic power. As with his harmonic style, his melody is unmistakable in his accent. It is impossible to think of the passages which I have cited as issuing from any brain but

Loeffler's; or to ascribe to any other writer of music, living or dead, such equally typical things as the phrase marked "espressivo" in the piano part of "La Cloche Fêlée" just before the words "Qui, malgré sa vieillesse"; or the exceedingly characteristic melody in A major for the piano on the third page of "Adieu pour Jamais"; or the haunting phrase in triplets (*andante*, 12-8) which begins the second page of "La Cornemuse"; or the woful melody which opens "Le son du cor"; or the chief themes of "La Mort de Tintagiles." If these are not the product of an inventive and imaginative capacity of the first order, it is puzzling to know what the signs of that capacity may be.

His individual employment of harmony, his excelling gift as a melodist, are supported by a technique that is secure and resourceful, and, in its mature development, masterful. He controls his medium with ease, whether he is writing for piano, for the voice, or for orchestra. He is a daring and felicitous contrapuntalist, a fertile contriver of rhythms; and as a painter upon the orchestral canvas he has a manner and a power that are his alone. He does not spin the instrumental web so vaporously, so aerially, as the necromantic Debussy; he does not score with the overwhelming weight, sweep, and plangency of Strauss; but he has discovered hues and perspectives that are unknown to them. He employs a palette that can yield the barbaric splendors of the "Pagan Poem," the pure radiance of the morning-song after Verlaine, the sombre shadows that enwrap the tragedy of Tintagiles and the Dread Queen.

Always, in every exercise of his art, he displays a fineness, a scrupulousness, an exigent passion for perfection, that are unparalleled in the musical art of to-day. He has a more thoroughgoing detestation of the facile, the obvious, the inexpensive, than even the fastidious Debussy—I think he would be incapable of certain Massenet-like sentimentalities to which that singular genius seems to be prone now and again. It is not easy to imagine music more utterly free from the note of platitude and philistinism, or from deliberate concessions of any sort, than the music of Loeffler. He never employs those convenient æsthetic moulds which, as Henry James has said, "condemn us to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clickés*." His ideas are as fresh and unformularized as they are fine and sincere.

I have named Debussy in the course of certain contrasts

and comparisons. A good deal has been made, by critics who are either undiscerning or incompetent, of an alleged indebtedness to Debussy on the part of Loeffler. It is true that Loeffler's music has certain external traits which it shares with the music of Debussy, of d'Indy, of Fauré, and of other musicians native to the country with which, in a spiritual sense, Loeffler is allied. These men use in common various harmonic and melodic expedients which, superficially, relate them, but which no more indicate an essential kinship than did, for example, the use of chromatic progressions by Liszt and Wagner indicate the interdependence of those two masters—Wagner's obvious and unashamed thematic borrowings from his long-suffering friend are another matter. The important fact, in the case of Loeffler and Debussy, is that their habit of thought and their manner of utterance are fundamentally different. Their natures impinge at a few points; they are both dreamers, both visionaries, and they both have the mystical temper; but in their intellectual outlook, in their spiritual and emotional preoccupations, they differ *toto cælo*. It is as impossible to think of Debussy as the composer of "La Mort de Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem," "La Cloche Fêlée," or "To Helen," as it is to think of Loeffler as the composer of "Poissons d'Or," or "Nuages," or "Sirènes," or "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Their temperaments and their styles are irreconcilable. It is this elementary and indisputable fact which makes the suggestion of an obligation on Loeffler's part unworthy and inconsiderable.

In the case of so complex, various, and restless a spirit as Loeffler's—one which is fed by many obscure and mysterious streams of consciousness—all generalizations should be tentatively held and advanced. I think, though, that I may say of him that his distinguishing characteristic, certainly his distinguishing achievement, is his consummate mastery of sorrowful speech. His creative gift flowers most perfectly when he is voicing moods of grief and lamentation. I think that he is then not only most truly and movingly himself, but that in this—in his power of expressing a peculiar and distinctive quality of sadness: a sadness burdened with wondering despair and haunted by a sense of mystery and terror—he is unequalled. This peculiar *tristesse* underlies his art in almost all of its manifestations. It finds voice in the finale of the "Divertimento" for violin and orchestra; it

wails in the grievous tune imputed to the lamenting bagpipe-player who, in "La Cornemuse," is heard "near the cross-roads of the crucifix"; it pervades his inexpressibly doleful picture of the lonely, marsh-bordered pool under ominous skies; it sings in the sweet and plaintive voice of the doomed child Tintagiles; it is sardonic, embittered, and terrible in the "Villanelle du Diable"; wild and reckless, or tragically gay, in the "Sérénade" and "Dansons la Gigue"; unutterably mournful in "Le son du cor"; passionately rebellious in his song "Vereinsamt." This enduring melancholy is, moreover, peculiar to himself. It is a very different thing from the lucid pathos that speaks from certain songs of Schubert; from the uneasy and passionate brooding of Chopin; from the heart-shaking sorrow that fills up the third act of Wagner's "Tristan"; from the wistful self-communing of Schumann; from the black despair that tortured the soul of Tschaikovsky; from the tender and elegiacal regret which in Edward MacDowell finds a matchless declaration; from the passive, almost inarticulate sorrow, the "dim sadness" (in Milton's phrase), that inhabits certain wonderful pages of Debussy's "Pelléas." It is different from these—a sadness more subtle, more bitter, more tenacious, more deep-seated; it is an emotional nuance that Loeffler alone has felt and expressed.

Despite his occasional utterance of more serene and buoyant moods, he is evidently at heart one of "the children of sorrow"—one of that troubled and spiritually restless clan which has numbered among its members Leopardi and Heine, Poe and Rossetti and Mangan, Baudelaire and Verlaine, Chopin, Schumann, Tschaikovsky. The artist in whom sensibility and emotion predominate over aspiration comes inevitably to regard the world as a *via dolorosa* of defeated dreams. He sees that

"The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hill flower; and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust."

He sees love, "beautiful like the autumn evening, dumb like the autumn evening, fading like the autumn evening." He sees beauty and desire, ardor and hope, wane with the inexorable march of the years; he sees the spreading of "the world's slow stain." So that he comes to ask himself: Whence springs that profound and inscrutable melancholy

which falls upon us at the moment when we are about to consummate some long-cherished and ardently envisaged dream? Of what origin are the vague, anonymous regrets, the nameless misgivings, the mysterious hesitations, which beset us at such a time and stale the wine of our delight? Why is it that at the very instant when we behold our dream incarnate in the warm and living present, when we are at last face to face with it in all its glowing and longed-for actuality, we find ourselves afflicted with a sudden numbness, a palsy of the soul, so that happiness has passed us by and we have not felt its touch: has cheated us while in the act of seeming to appease? Is it ordained that our desires shall never flower for us in their perfection? Is there no sustenance for the dreaming heart and the dream-filled mind but Dead Sea fruit?—It would seem that this is so, when those dreams, those desires, are woven of that fabric which is dyed in the colors of mortality: that perishable vesture with which men seek to clothe themselves in happiness or peace. It would seem that the joy which cometh in the morning is no joy at all, but sorrow and emptiness, save when we send it up to God in songs or out to other hearts in selflessness. For it is given to any of us, miraculously enough, to achieve, if only for a brief unforgettable moment, the clarified and serene and infinitely joyous vision of which Plato tells us in the *Phædo*, whereby we may share the felicity of those who dwell among the immortals —“ who see the moon and stars as they really are, and whose happiness in other matters is of a piece with this.”

LAWRENCE GILMAN.